

This story was given to me in 1997 by Mr .Grant T. Hollett, who along with his wife Mary, retired in Big Stone Gap, Va. This adventure was that of his mother's uncles. In 1904 they wrote of their adventure of 1849 when they travelled the California trail overland to the gold rush. They returned to their homes in Indiana by sea and overland on the Isthmus of Panama. It has never been published before. Mr. Hollett hoped that one day I would publish it.

Lawrence J. Fleenor, Jr.
April 2014

OVERLAND FOR GOLD IN 1849

By: Johnathan H., Mark D., and John N. Manlove

My Dear Niece; -I will send you a short outline history of the trip across the plains and back home to Indiana.

I kept no diary in crossing the plains, or while I remained in California; but think I can remember most of the important points. At that time I thought this would be the most eventful part of my life, but one thing has followed another in quick succession until now, I am almost to the end of the row and still there is something to tackle almost continually that comes up unexpectedly. Three brothers, Johnathan H., Mark D. and John N. Manlove, (ages 25-23-22 respectively) are the parties starting overland for gold in California (in) 1849.

We left Shawnee Mound, Tippecanoe County, Indiana the last of March in a wagon, took a steamboat at Attica on the Wabash, and went to Evansville, then changed to another boat and went to St. Louis, stayed there a week or two, met an old friend, Rufus Leet who was making up a company to cross the plains. We bought four mules-and other outfit. We went up the Missouri River by boat which had many mishaps, but were finally landed in St. Joe. As it was too early to start across the plains we camped there several weeks. St. Joe was a lively town that year, there were hundreds of people camped there a month before the grass was good on the plains. There were all kinds of people from all parts of the country, gamblers, thieves, and a few honest men. Large droves of mules were landed there and all manner of outfitting material for the plains. Old trappers, Indian traders and fighters were there. You would hear the plains talk morning, noon and night. A good many went back from here. Some became discouraged over the prospect of a hard trip, some got drunk and fooled away their money; some went back to their sweethearts.

There were some companies that had been made up in eastern cities, they had not been used to handling horses and breaking mules. We were often amused watching them. It was better than a theater. I recollect one company in particular that had been made up in Cincinnati. They each paid in \$100.00 and three men were to take the money, manage the whole affair, pay all bills and have whatever was left for their trouble. They bought a

boat load of unbroken mules, then quarreled. The company broke up and most of them lost their money. People never fully know each other until they have lived in camp together .

Finally the time came to start, May 10. There were three brothers of us, our wagon, and three men from St. Louis, splendid good fellows and they had a first class outfit so we started together. They were loaded too heavy? could not handle their team very well so they stuck in the mud at almost every slough. We helped them out the best we could. At night we were only four miles on our journey. The second day was but little better. In the afternoon they let their team break their wagon and stuck in the mud. They told us to go on, they would give up and not go to California. We went on alone on the north side of the Missouri to Savannah Landing fourteen miles below Council bluffs, Iowa. We crossed the river on a good ferry. From there on we were on the "Red Man's country" and had to watch our mules continually to keep the Indians from stealing them.

Fifty miles out we joined a company that we had arranged to go with. They had started from another point on the frontier. It was now May 17. Here we took into our mess Harvey Onelvamy -later he was Judge Omelvamy of Southern of much notoriety in the sixties.

There were four of us to one wagon. We had made the mistake that nearly everybody made that year - of taking twice as much as we needed, and many things we did not need. We were now in company of 50 or 60 men. We organized by electing a captain and started promptly next morning. The roads were bad. After we had been out a week there came a violent storm at night, blew down the tents, wet everything. Next morning the thermometer was down to freezing. The wind blew at the rate of thirty miles per hour, no wood in camp, no timber in sight, no wind brakes. The mules and horses were almost chilled to death. They were so cold they would not eat. Many long faces and no comforts in camp. Six of us volunteered to go after wood, on foot six miles to a cedar canyon, got back to camp about two in the afternoon each of us carrying a big load of dry cedar. The wind had slacked, we fixed a wind brake, built a big fire, had a good dinner, got dry and all felt better. The next morning we started off in good shape and spirits. About 10 o' clock we came to a stream too small to be printed in the guide book but the first team that tried to cross was drowned. We pulled the others out. In the afternoon the stream had subsided so we were able to cross. We were now traveling up the south side of the Platte River. The bottoms were from one to ten miles wide and as level as a floor. The river was wide, shallow, swift and very muddy. The water seemed to be full of moving sand. We were now in sight of Chimney Rock. That evening a lone buffalo came across the river in sight of camp. Some of the boys chased him around for a few miles and killed him close to camp.

Game was plentiful, saw antelope and wolves every day. The Patinee Indians had a village near the river. They build the best winter quarter of any Indians on the plains. There was a patch of corn stalks here which was the only sign of Indian framing which we saw on the plains, or on our whole trip. The Patinees were in hiding from a large number of Sioux warriors who were scouring the country. And bragging that they were going to kill the Patines that were left. These tribes were always enemies, but both

claimed friendship for the whites. Some of our company found a young Patinee, which was nearly starved. They tried to feed him but he would not eat and tried to get away all the time, as a young animal would do.

Chimney Rock is several miles south of the road but when we were opposite it several of us went over to see it. It is composed of soft rock with seams of cracks down the sides. It had once been a mountain peak that seems to have raised out of the plains and having tumbled away left the center standing.

By hard traveling we reached the camp that night. Some men from an Iowa company went out also. As they were almost to camp on their return a storm came up. Thinking it a summer shower one man took off his clothes to take a shower bath. It turned out to be hail instead of rain. As he was in sight of camp he went by the name of "shower bath" from that time on.

Fort Lauramie is the next place of note. Five hundred miles out. It was made by traders and trappers for protection against the Indians. It is built of sun-dried brick eight or ten feet high, four square taking in ground enough so the dwellings and stores are all inside. The stock is also penned in when there is danger. The stock here had been wintered on the range and not been fed and were in good condition. Traveling west from the Mississippi, one comes to grasses of different kinds and quality from the grasses in Indiana. It retains its strength better through the winter .

From now on the road is strewn with flour, bacon, mining tools, cooking utensils, sheet iron stoves, horse shoes, kegs of powder, quantities of lead and all other things connected with an outfit. People are just now beginning to be in traveling shape. There are still many turning back. The company that we started with split up a few days after we started, our party consisting of six wagons. Of these three had dropped out at different times. Our three stayed together from Fort Lauramie to South Pass. After we left the Fort we passed over thirty or forty miles of country different from any we had seen. Old trappers called it "Black Hills". It is rolling; the hills covered with small pines; no under brush with rattling streams between the hills, running over gravel beds; the prettiest place in America. When we reached the place to cross the North Platte, the crossing was not good. The water deep; swift and cold and no ferry. We hired a canoe paid three dollars apiece for each wagon load. Took the wagon pieces, and floated the wagon beds and swam the horses. There was no grass here, so two of us took the horses and mules to range, and were to bring them back the next day. About sun-down a man came out from camp and said a company wanted me to help them cross the Sweet Water River. We say here what is called Devil's Gate where the Sweet Water River comes through a deep canyon, and is quite a fall. I loaned my gun to the man who was to stay with the horses. It clouded up and was soon dark after I started back. I heard foot-steps behind me. I had a first class hunting knife, and you bet I carried it in my hand. Finally a big wolf howled about fifty yards away. Then they all howled about five of six of them. This partly relieved the strain. I knew they were not dangerous unless starving, but it was not nice to hear them around in the dark. We all traveled on and came upon a curiosity in this valley (The Sweet Water Valley), an ice lake north of the road. It was covered with a yellow mass six inches thick, under this was ice six inches thick.

The weather was quite warm. We saw signs of mountain sheep. I saw but one on the whole trip. It was killed and much larger than domesticated sheep, weighed perhaps three hundred pounds. We traveled up the Sweet Water to the summit of the Rocky Mountains. Traveled about a mile and camped at what was called Pacific Springs. Here is the celebrated South Pass which was discovered by Lewis and Clark. It is considered a great natural curiosity, a plain 30 miles wide that extends over the summit of the Rocky Mountains, is level enough for farming land, six thousand feet above sea level. Here we left our wagons, bought another mule and packed the mules for the balance of the trip. We took pieces of the wagon and rigged up pack saddles took what were obliged to have and left the rest stay one day rigging up. Next morning all started on account of the scarcity of grass. Two of us stayed (Mark and John) to sort out the things, pack the mules and follow. Among things left was a bag of powder. Some had been spilled around under the keg. The keg was left open. A green Missourian came bothering around asking questions. He finally got some fire and touched off the spilled powder. It flashed over the ground and started with that under the keg. The keg started off across the plains at a high rate of speed; one mule bucked off his pack; excitement was high. Mark told the man if he did not leave he would kick him in half a minute.

Six of us traveled together. Jack Pellman, Rufus Leet, Harvey Omelvany, and we three brothers. We traveled thirty three and one half miles a day. Two hundred miles a week, resting on Sunday. Green River was the next bad river to cross, cold and deep with square banks. A horse couldn't remain long in it. Our horses would swim part way across and then come back, finally they swam across but missed the landing place. They swam down about a mile to where there was a gap in the bank and all got out which was a great streak of luck as we thought they were going to drown. Fort Bridges was the next stop. Mr. Bridges was an Indian trader of great notoriety .He had built a fort two or three hundred miles east of Salt Lake. He seemed to be a nice shrewd man. We saw no one except himself, his squaw and an Indian boy. He said he had a bunch of Indians hired to prepare and bring in buffalo robes. He said they were camped about forty miles southeast of these. In this valley we saw lakes or ponds dried up which left a coating of saleratus a half inch to one inch in thickness. We took some with us to make slap jacks. I made bread with it right along. We lived on slap jacks, bacon and coffee. We camped one night here. Jack Pellman was to stand guard the latter part of the night. He was a great coward. He thought there were Indians around. He came in and hung around the fire where we were. The horses and mules strayed off. Next morning I went up the little mountain and say them down in the valley about three miles.

The company started on. It was hurrying to catch up as we were heavily loaded. They became frightened thinking they say a grizzly bear in the road. They stopped and waited for us. We came up and went close and saw it was a brindled bull dog that was tired out and lay down to rest. My brother and I concluded to take a short cut across the creek. We jumped it, walked fast and soon out of sight. We saw Indian tracks and came upon a bunch of Indians camped in some willows. One had a buffalo robe over his head, raised out of the bushes ready to shoot with bow and arrow. We clapped our chests to show we were good. He raised up, then he and another Indian came out to us and talked and motioned. We held up our fingers to show there was a large company of us. We gave

them fish hooks. As soon as we could decently we left. We kept watch that they did not shoot at us, for they shot more frequently when one is leaving.

We came next to the Wasatch Mountains. They ascend gradually on the east side and come down steep on the west side into the valley. In crossing we traveled through the deepest canyon of the whole trip. We could see young eagle on shelving rock hundreds of feet high. When we reached the summit it took us until next evening to reach Salt Lake City which was two years old. The little adobe huts put one in mind of muskrat huts in a grassy valley. We stayed in the city three days. The Mormons were glad to see emigrants. They were short of rations and had been since they first got to the valley. The emigrants had grub to spare. They had small farms opened. We traded flour for cheese and milk. The Mormons expected their harvest in about three weeks. This was about the third of July. Mark went to hear Brigham Young preach. They had laid the foundation for the temple. Some of the emigrants said the Mormon boys sold them lariats in the day time and stole them back at night. I think there are other boys who could do the same thing. The city is nine miles from the lake. Salt could be had by the wagon loads. We went around the lake on the north side.

Hot springs were numerous. The Mormons had a fight with the Utes soon after their arrival. They had killed all the warriors and captured all the squaws and divided them among the families for servants. They worked well and seemed to be satisfied but ran away the first chance they had. There was a band of Snake Indians camped near. The Utes and Snake Indians had been at war. One day while I was in the Snake Indian camp, a delegation of Utes came to make a treaty. The squaws gathered up their children and left in a great hurry.

There is an island in the Salt Lake that the Indians and some whites have a superstitious fear of I saw one man who said he had been on the island. He said there was a great many rattle snakes on it. The fourth of July was not celebrated but the twenty-fourth, the day of their arrival at Salt Lake. The ground we traveled over was white with alkali and looked worthless. There was plenty of sage-hen grouse some as large as turkeys. They were black in color and very good eating. We crossed a stream twenty feet wide, steep banks and very deep. One of us would ride a mule, take a pack on our shoulders and go back and cross back for another pack. We had gotten every thing across but Jack Pellman's mule. He was afraid and very stubborn. He slid down the bank and threw Jack over his head into the water. His pistol slipped out of his pocket and he paid John fifty cents to get it for him. We all went in swimming.

We came to Humboldt River. We had not seen any signs of buffalo since we left Salt Lake City. The Indians said there had been a sleet eleven years before which stayed on two weeks and all the buffalo had starved. We saw plenty of old horns and bones. We believed this story true. Humboldt River runs west and we followed it the whole length to where it spreads out and evaporates. Here we came to the sandy desert. Mark lost half a pound a day. Johnathan had a spell of mountain fever and was bad two days. He lay on the mules. The last three days we traveled along the river it seemed to get smaller, and to sink into the ground or spread out and evaporate. All the rain that falls in the Great Basin has to evaporate to get away

About forty miles before we came to the sink, John stayed behind to hunt a mule which had dropped out. After they had gone ten miles Mark stopped to wait for him. It was moonlight nights. The company was to camp close enough to the road for us to see them. They found the mule late in the evening. We traveled most of the night and passed their camp without seeing them. We picketed the mules out and slept until morning. Still thinking they were ahead we pushed on to the sink. This was a hot place. There were other campers here. We tried to buy something to eat but they would not sell anything as they too were scarce of food, but they gave us nothing. We had only about four and a half dollars in money. Not finding our company here we packed a bunch of grass on each mule and went on. When night came we started across the Great American Desert which was about sixty-five miles across. When we were out about forty miles the road forked. Each one looked the same. We did not know which one to take but decided they came together farther on. We took the right one which led into the Truckey River route about twenty-five miles to the river. We traveled that day and the next day at dark we were about two miles of the river. About twelve o'clock at night we went to sleep walking and stumbled against each other. We laid down and took a nap, fastening our mules to sage brush. About ten o'clock next day we came to a boiling spring or geyser. There were several openings, eighteen inches in diameter perhaps. At least one hundred feet down we could hear water boiling. About every twenty minutes it would come to the top and boil over. The water was blue and said to be poison.

The company had taken the left hand road that led to Carson River. They crossed the mountains more than fifty miles south of the Truckey route. There were four of them. Johnathan and the three men from St. Louis. We finally came to a hot spring, the first good water we had seen. John had some ginger in one of his pockets. We found an old can and made some tea which we drank. One mule had a light load. The other no load, but we could walk better than he could carry us as he was about worn out. John's eyes had gotten sore in the alkali dust. We stayed at the spring over night. There was plenty of grass. Next morning when we started (a man came) with us and stuck to us all the rest of the journey. He was a disagreeably cowardly man, seemed to be afraid all the time. We traveled up the Truckey Canyon which is in most places is half a mile wide. The river is very small and crooked-running from one bluff to the other. The trail crossed it thirty times.

When we reached the summit of the Sierra Nevada Mountains we had passed all the emigrant's trains except a company of fur traders with about a dozen mules. One day when we were not far from the summit we lost the trail. There (were) mule tracks all around, but not on the trail. It was brushy and looked wild. The old man stayed with the mules while we were trying to find the trail. After a while he became scared, and started to come to us. He came to within forty yards of (us) without seeing us and hollered quite loud. We could not answer without laughing. He then yelled very loud and finally let off a few of the most doleful yells I ever heard. He thought he was lost in a wild country. When we were halfway through the canyon we saw tracks where there had been a band of Indians. We had just fallen with a small party. They thought we had better travel together until after dark so the Indians could not locate our camp. Then we came to a company of twelve men and camped with them and were not molested. Our youngest mule in crossing the desert would pick up stones and work them around in his mouth and drop them out. The oldest mule could stand more. The youngest soon gave out. We tied

him to a sage brush and went on.

The sand went right to the river. The water was two feet deep and very cool from the mountains. We just went in bathed our faces and drank, bathed our faces again and were refreshed. We crossed over when we came to the other bank. The grass was waist high. As fine grass as we ever saw grow. We turned the mules in. Next morning we went round to the people who were there and tried to buy provisions. I bought four pounds of flour, a little piece of bacon. We had a frying pan tied on the pack. I mixed up some dough so we had our grub. We went back to see about the other mule. We met Whitesides, an acquaintance. He said he had one of his men bring the mule and had tied it near so I found it. I took him across and turned him loose. We knew as the boys were not there they had gone the Carson River route.

We stayed here one day. We then started to Sacramento on one half pound of provision a day for each. We went up the Truckee River and crossed it twenty seven times in one day. Charley Miller, a friend, and two fellows from Michigan wanted us to stay until the mules were recruited, so we could go straight up the mountains, but we had no provisions and the mountain was so steep no mule could climb. We passed them in the afternoon. About thirty Indians came down in front of us. We saw them first and got our mules under brush. They went to the camp, looked around, and left. When they had gotten out of sight we went on as fast as we could. When Charley Miller came up, we told him about the Indians. They were terribly scared, looked wild, and traveled on as fast as possible.

Just at dark we overtook them again. We camped two hundred yards away in a deep grass, and held the lariats of our mules so they could not get them. When we were near the source of the Truckee River, near the summit, we saw where the Dorner family and company had started.

They started overland in "46" from McClain County, Illinois (I knew some of their folks). They were overtaken by a snow storm in the mountains in the fall. There was a large number of them. The Indians discovered them and carried the news to the Sutler Fort. The whites made up a company and went after them. Those who were alive had lived on human flesh. One woman when the rescuing party came after them, hid her husband's heart to eat on the road. The depth of the snow was shown where the party had cut the trees off and had left stumps ten and twelve feet high when the snow was gone. One place they had made a camp by a fallen red-wood by taking the bark which is fifteen inches thick and leaning it up against a twelve foot log. This would make a good camp. We went down the slope. Nothing of importance happening. Saw a bear track which measured twelve inches wide. Some bears weigh fifteen or sixteen hundred pounds. We say but one wild Indian. He was running and was not bothered with any apparel. When we got down where Bear River runs into Sacramento Valley there was good grazing. We stopped to let our mules rest and graze. This was the fifth of July. Here was the Johnson ranch. There was some old adobe buildings that made the place look as if it had been settled a long time. A man by the name of Nichols kept a store. I recollect he sold flour, sugar and bacon at the same price. There was a camp of civilized Indians there. We

were out of money. Charley Miller had fifty cents and some beans. He told me to take the money and buy all the meat I could with it. I bought one pound. We cooked the beans and beef and made a pot of bean soup. We ate our soup and rested until the cool of the evening. There was a boat landing on the Sacramento River near Sutter's Fort. About fifty five miles from here they called Bareadaw. The next evening an hour by sun we started. We walked all night and got to Sutter's Fort about ten O' clock next morning -two and one half miles from Sacramento. Our mules were thin. We could walk as far as fast and as long as they could. Charley Miller went down to the city, (and) sent word back for us to come on down, (and) that he had met some of his friends, (and for us) to leave his mules out there on the grass at the fort. When we got down near the river there were hundreds of tents allover where Sacramento now stands. I took care of our mules. It was noweighty-three days since we left St. Jo. John went down to see what we could get to do. He came back in about half an hour and said he had hired out for two of us at ten dollars a day apiece and board. We were to work for two men who were keeping store in a tent. They wanted to put up a frame building. Our work was to saw off blocks to use as foundation for the corners, and carry lumber to the carpenters. This was the third frame house to put up. They had bought the frame of the boat and gave nine hundred dollars for it. It was framed in Oregon. There was six hundred houses all made of canvas. Lots of business. More goods being landed every day. Gold seekers coming in by land and sea. Each day you could see the place was bigger than the day before. About this time some were heard to say - Sacramento City. In the evening our employers said they wanted a well dug. We dug the first well in the city. We could take it by the job, three dollars a foot, or ten dollars a day. We took it by the job and in two and a half days had made sixty dollars clear. This was about - August tenth. The afternoon of the second day the other boys came over the Carson River route. Were very glad to see them. They had a very hard time. Their mules had given out on the desert. They had to loose their pack, and get their mules down to water . When we got back the Indians had taken everything except one gun. Next day we got a skiff and went across the river to hunt. We saw three deer and shot two of them. The next day we bought provisions and started for the mines. We had plenty on fresh venison, beans, coffee, flour, and pork. Flour was about ten cents a pound. We started for Deer Creek about ninety-five miles away but we stopped about halfway and dug for gold two or three days. The first place we tried was a good place to work. The first pan of dirt was good. We panned it out - bought pans and washed it out. Mark made most of all the first day - seventy dollars. We went on up Deer Creek and struck diggings where we could make sixteen dollars a day apiece: an ounce a day we called it. We stayed there two weeks. They sent me back to Sacramento with two mules for provisions. I packed three and rode one. It was a long lonesome trip camping alone. I started back, one night I stopped to camp, took the packs off the mules and turned them loose and rolled myself up in a quilt. A coyote came up and gnawed one of the straps that held the meat. The tracks were within three feet of where I lay. I ate baked beans dipped in vinegar that night for supper. Heard wild cattle bellowing, a grizzly bear might come along at any time.

About November we left Deer Creek camp. We were afraid the snow would be too deep for us to work there during the winter. We went east from Sacramento to a place called Placerville. We took up eleven hundred pounds of provisions. After the rainy season set in we could not get provisions up there. Johnathan was a good deer hunter. We

could get one dollar and a quarter for any kind of provision we had on hand, that we could spare. We took a boarder, a man named Goldie from St. Louis at sixteen dollars a week. We camped for two weeks until we could build our shanty, then we were comfortable. John and I dug gold. Johnathan hunted. Things went on as you might expect in the mine. The next summer John got tired of digging and went down and hired to a ranchman, Scofield. They spent much time in romping, there was a pool of water near where they practiced diving. This practice proved of great service to John, as on the way home he fell into the sea, in climbing up the ladder to get on the ship. He was able to come to the surface on the other side of the boat. The sailors picked him up and called him their little diver. John was heavily loaded with a belt of gold around his waists. But Kipling says, "That is part of another story, we will go back to the bears."

One day on the ranch two horses got away down the valley. We thought we saw them two hundred yards away. We started toward them. When bout a little way we say they were grizzly bears. They reared upon their hind feet, snorted and champed their teeth. John said his legs felt like running and he let them run. I asked if they followed him and he said he didn't look back to see. Hunting was good. Johnathan was a fine shot. He and another man would go out hunting for a week at a time. They once killed a panther. The men said it was good eating. They cooked some. When Bill Powell (a man from Shawnee) came in they gave him some. They did not tell him what it was until after he had eaten it. When they told him he went out and tried to throw it up. Bill and Johnathan went out in the mountains to hunt deer. Johnathan went around one way and left Bill in a certain place to try to run the deer. Where bill was there ~as a thick Chaparral about as high as the head, and there would be little open spaces in it. Powell heard something coming through the brush which he thought was the deer coming. When he came into the opening, about fifteen steps away it was a grizzly bear. Instead of shooting he ran down over the mountain, jumping over the brush, and his hat flew off. Finally he stopped to see if the bear was after him and saw that the bear was a few rods behind and at one side. He snapped at it but he had lost the cap from his gun and it did not go off. The bear kept right on and was not after Bill at all. It was as scared as Bill was. Johnathan came over to him and laughed at him. Bill was very much ashamed to think he had run. He said if anyone would have told him he would run from a grizzly bear he would have called him a liar .

About the first of February 1851, I, Mark, had an attack of lung fever. The doctor said I would have to leave there. I would die if I did not. Cyrus Insley (from Indiana) was working with us. He was coming home. So we went to Sacramento, from there we took a steamer to San Francisco. There we took an old ship called the Isthmus for Panama. We saw whale porpoises and flying fish. There was a heavy wind blew us out about two hundred miles from the coast, so we did not get to see a volcano we had expected to see. I was not sea sick, and my health improved from the time I got aboard the ship. We stopped at Acapulce, Mexico and took on coal. We ran down to Panama and anchored about three miles from the warf. We went ashore and stayed all night. Next day was Sunday. We put up at a hotel and had a pretty good living. We say catholics going to church. There were several churches. Insley and I went to three of them. They had no benches or seats. There were from the blackest of negroes to the white and finest dressed ladies at the churches. The ladies would spread their handkerchiefs on the ground and sit on them as there were no floors in the churches. Monday we started to cross the Isthmus.

We walked across the Chagres River. There were a great many going across. Some walking and some riding mules. We took a boat or large skiff at Mexico. We took dinner and had fried chicken - the first I had tasted since I left home.

We then went down to the warf to see about getting passage on a ship. There were six ships waiting to get passengers. We met four sailors who wanted to get passengers for their ship. They were running one another knocking the price down. There were four of us together and they offered to take us for fifteen dollars apiece cabin passengers to New Orleans. They furnished us the best living I ever saw. They gave us four meals a day. The captain offered to give us lunch at nine o'clock at night but nobody wanted it. They stopped at Kingston. Jamaica to take on coal. There were a couple of men got aboard to go to New Orleans and charged them eighty dollars apiece.

We had a very pleasant voyage. No wind or high waves. The captain said it was the finest weather he had ever crossed the Gulf. We were now at the delta of the Mississippi River. Tug boats came out to meet us to take us through the marrows. There was a ship ahead of us that got aground. Our ship passed with in a few feet of it but got through all right. When we got into the Mississippi our ship sand about three feet in the fresh water. When we reached New Orleans we put up at the Veranda, the best hotel at that time in the city. We took a steam-boat up the Mississippi to Evansville on the Ohio. Here we took a steam-boat up the Wabash to Attica. Then out to Shawnee Mound, my home. I was gone about two years.

This was written entirely from memory, none of them had kept a diary of any description. This sketch was not written by one, but some from each for their niece, Addie A. Borum.

Mark

July Nineteen hundred four.